

THE JOURNEY

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Our Father
I was only seven
deadly sins, I was taught
and I was afraid
so I attend with the masses.

I was only thirteen
but did I know
what it meant?

A confirmation of my upbringing,
I was immersed years before
in a belief of generations
ahead of mine.

Our father who art in heaven
I was only seven
when I was forced to believe
after a divorce
eighteen years in the making.

I went to live with my dad;
I had no choice.
I was seventeen and still he dreamed
that I needed You the same as he.

Twenty-eight and I chose the war.
I prayed every night on the bird before
but we weren't on Your mission;
we were fighting for freedom.

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Every night
I go to bed with an atheist;
my wife.
Should it matter that she doesn't believe?

She is the gift
You've given to me, no matter
how long it took
me to find her.
I'm sorry she doesn't believe, but

I love her
no matter what.

Thirty-three now and
still I search
for what it means
to be a man,

of God, faith, wisdom, integrity, strength and love.

Thy kingdom come.